When in that moment (ſo it came to paſſe)
Tytania waked,and ſtraightway lou'd an aſſe.
Ob. This falles out better then I could deuiſe:
But haſt thou yet lacht the *Athenians* eyes,
With the loue iuyce,as I did bid thee do?
Rob. I tooke him ſleeping (that is finiſht to)
And the *Athenian* woman by his ſide,
That when he wak't,of force ſhe muſt be eyde.
Enter Demetrius and Hermia.
Ob. Stand cloſe, this is the ſame *Athenian.*
Rob. This is the woman,but not this the man.
Deme. O,why rebuke you him that loues you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide,but I ſhould vſe thee worſe.
For thou (I feare) haſt giuen me cauſe to curſe.
If thou haſt ſlaine *Lyſander* in his ſleepe, (to,
Being ore ſhooes in bloud,plunge in the deepe,and kill me
The Sunne was not ſo true vnto the day,
As he to me. Would he haue ſtollen away,
From ſleeping *Hermia?* Ile beleeue as ſoone
This whole earth may be bor'd,and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe,and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brothers noonetide,with th' *Antipodes.*
It cannot be but thou haſt murdred him,
So ſhould a murderer looke,ſo dead,ſo grim.
Dem. So ſhould the murdered looke,& ſo ſhould I,
Pierſt through the heart with your ſtearne cruelty:
Yet you the murderer looke as bright,as cleare,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering ſpheare.
Her. VVhat's this to my *Lyſander*? where is he?
Ah good *Demetrius*,wilt thou giue him me?
Dem. Ide rather giue his carkaſſe to my hounds.
Her. Out dog,out curre,thou driu'ſt me paſt the bonds
Of maidens patience. Haſt thou ſlaine him then?
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.

Oh,

Oh,once tell true, euen for
Durſt thou haue lookt vpo
And haſt thou kild him ſlee
Could not a worme,an Add
An Adder did it. For with d
Then thine (thou ſerpent) r
Dem. You ſpend your pa
I am not guilty of *Lyſander*
Nor is he dead,for ought th
Her. I pray thee tell me t
Dem. And if I could,wh
Her. A priuiledge,neuer
And from thy hated preſen
Whether he be dead or no.
Dem. There is no followi
Heere therefore for a while
So ſorrowes heauineſſe dot
For debt that bankrout ſlip
Which now in ſome ſlight t
If for his tender heere I ma
Ob. What haſt thou don
And laide the loue-iuyce on
Of thy miſpriſion,muſt per
Some true loue turn'd,and
Rob. Then fate ore-rules,
A million faile,confoundin
Ob. About the wood,go
And *Helena* of *Athens* loo
All fancy ſicke ſhe is,and pa
With ſighes of loue,that c
By ſome illuſion ſee thou b
Ile charme his eies,againſt
Robin. I go,I go,looke h
Swifter then arrow from th
Ob. Flower of this purpl